



# The Doll.



👁 206 ✓ 18 ★ 27

## Chapter 1 by MADELINE CURRAN

The little girl was riding her bike down the road, and stopped to a doll. The doll only had five fingers, three on one hand two on the other. She had an addiction to dolls (being her age). So she took it home. That night.....

## Chapter 2 by Olivia



It was a dark, cold night. Emily, being 7 years old at the time, had never learned not to pick up strange toys on the road, and she thought that the doll would look so nice with her collection. Little did she know that what had happened would change her life. When she touched that doll, she would change everything.

Throughout thousands of years, people have been practicing witchcraft. Most witches have been killed, but little do people know, that when they were executed, they would transfer their souls into dolls. This was one of those dolls. This doll has a witch's soul and it is trying to escape. That is where it all went wrong.

## Chapter 3 by Catherine Grace (doctor who addict)



**\*Three little fingers in your moms room three little fingers now your moms DEAD\***

When Emily got the doll home, she could swear she heard it whistling like a summer wind. She asked her mom if she could hear it. She said no.

## Chapter 4 by Biff TRAN



The little confused girl went into her room to put her pajamas on and get ready for bed. She left the ragged doll on a wooden stool. She went into the bathroom.

Suddenly, she heard a soft whisper. She turned around and saw the doll. The doll's eyes became dead still. Her face turned white as she saw the girl. She looked around her room.

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room. THE DOLL! It's gone! Emily's eyes widened barely blinking and her heart thumped louder and faster. THUMP THUMP THUMP it went.

Where could it be?! She rushed towards the stool squirming around and round. Then... she saw it. It was sitting on the windowsill bending it's head to one side, staring straight into Emily's cold horrified eyes.....

### Chapter 5 by EvilDisney



Before the little girl could scream, a disturbing urge came over her.

‘Cut off your fingers’ a soft voice said in her head.

Shaking her head she stumbled back a few steps, and tried to reach for the door. A horrible pain overtook her as she touched the doorknob. ‘CUTT OFF YOUR FINGERS!’ the voice screamed inside her head, making the girl start crying. Suddenly the door opened and the pain stopped.

The little girl's mother walked in looking tired. “What is it sweetie?” the mother asked as she picked up the little girl from her spot on the floor. The girl struggled to tell her mother but decided against it, feeling that if her mother knew it would make the pain worse next time. “Nothing, mommy” the little girl said as she wiped away her tears.

The mother sighed and put down the girl “the go to sleep, okay?”. The girl smiled weakly and crawled back into her bed. As her mother closed the door, the girl saw that the doll was in the same spot that it had been before.

### Chapter 6 by SG



She tried and tried but she just couldn't get to sleep that night. Emily kept

hearing the cold voice whisper in her ear " Cut off your fingers Cut off your

fingers!" She was pined to the spot squinting at the darkness. she edged

closer to the end of the bed to see if the doll was still there. "Should I turn

the lights on to check?" Emily thought. She couldn't sleep. She couldn't

Emily was petrified. "Close your eyes, Emily." The voice said. "You can't

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want to do what the voice said but she felt her eyelids close and she didn't open them until the morning.

### Chapter 7 by Levi-Chu



Then day was fine nothing out of the ordinary happened. But she still heard the dolls whispering "cut off your fingers cut off you fingers."

When night came she went over to the doll. She picked it up slowly terrified at what it might try to do to her.

The doll had unnaturally green eyes she stared into them. She felt as if she was getting sleepy. Then the whispering started getting louder and louder.

The before she knew it she was in the kitchen by the knives wondering. Should I?

### Chapter 8 by Biff TRAN



The thought circled her head over and over. She stood awkwardly, staring at the set of knives. She leaned closer, still keeping her eyes dead set on the knife she liked best. Eventually, she found her hand reaching up and over, down onto the knife's handle. Streams of sweat trickled down her red cheeks. She tried to scream. 'NOO! STOP! SOMEONE HELP ME!!' But she could only do so in her mind. She couldn't resist it any longer. She held her knife unsteadily in her small hand, trembling to the point she couldn't see the knife clearly. The knife lowered, down.....down.....dow- 'AAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!'

'Sweetie?! What's wrong?!' Her mom said as she bolted in and saw a puddle of red liquid on the floor. She froze as Emily slowly turned around.....

the end

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